And ſweare to mend her ſluttiſh huſwiferie.
Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.
Hu. Where is *Pead?* go you & ſee where Brokers
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their maſe, (ſleep,
Goe laie the Proctors in the ſtreet,
And pinch the lowſie Seriants face:
Spare none of theſe when they are a bed,
But ſuch whoſe noſe lookes plew and red.
Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you ſtand ſtill.
Some do that thing, ſome do this,
All do ſomething, none amis.
Hir Hu. I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bleſſe me from that wealch Fairie.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hu. See I haue ſpied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.
Fal. God ſend me good fortune now, and I care (not.
Quic. Go ſtrait, and do as I commaund,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers endes,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be ſhure he is full of ſin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphiſed youth.
Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They

They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he ſtarts.
Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.
Quic. A little diſtant from him ſtand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compaſſe him within a ring,
Firſt pinch him well, and after ſing.

Here they pinch him, and ſing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & ſteales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton ſteales miſtris Anne, being in white. And a noyſe of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falſtaffe pulles of his bucks head, and riſes vp. And enters M. *Page,* M. *Ford, and their wiues,* M. *Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghoſt?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghoſt of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is ſtealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue we here, what is all *Windſor* ſtirring? Are you there?
Shal. God ſaue you ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*
Sir Hu. God pleſſe you ſir *Iohn,* God pleſſe you.
Pa. Why how now ſir *Iohn,* what a pair of horns in your hand?
Ford. Thoſe hornes he ment to place vpon my head,
And M. *Brooke* and he ſhould be the men:
Why how now ſir *Iohn,* why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you ſo,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,